God of My Life! Through All Its Days

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
God of my life! through all its days My

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
grateful powers shall sound thy praise; The

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
song shall wake with opening light, And

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
warble to the silent night.

The other verses

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 But, O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more;
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

4 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune WINCHESTER NEW (From "Musikalisches Handbuch", Hamburg, 1690); words by Philip Doddridge (1702–1751). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.